



## Reading Toolkit: Grade 4 Objective 3.A.3.c

Student Handout: Reading: Grade 4 Objective 3.A.3.c

Standard 3.0 Comprehension of Literary Text

Topic A. Comprehension of Literary Text

Indicator 3. Use elements of narrative texts to facilitate understanding

Objective c. Identify and describe the setting and the mood

Assessment Limits:

Details that create the setting

Details that create the mood

Selected Response (SR) Item

Question

Read this story about two girls named Molly and Miracle, '[Root Beer and Banana](#)'. Then answer the following.

Which of these details about the setting is *most* important to the events in the story?

- A. the ceiling fan
- B. the willow tree
- C. the summer heat
- D. the squeaky door

Correct Answer

C. the summer heat

Question

Read this story about two girls named Molly and Miracle, '[Root Beer and Banana](#)'. Then answer the following.

Which of these details about the setting is *most* important to the events in the story?

- A. the ceiling fan
- B. the willow tree
- C. the summer heat
- D. the squeaky door

## Handouts

## Root Beer and Banana

By Sarah Sullivan

It's summer on the river, when the air's  
as thick as soup and you can smell tar  
melting on the roof. Sun's too hot for  
climbing trees and we've already fished our  
limit.

Root Beer and Banana

"Cmon, Squirt," Granddaddy says,  
giving me a wink. "Time to stop by Mister  
Mac's."

Rolling over gravel to the hard road, we  
drive past Tolliver's Farm Supply and  
Glenda's Antiques to Mister Mac's General  
Store.

I can hardly wait to get inside.

Mister Mac's ceiling fan stirs the heat  
while the ice-cream freezer hums its steady  
tune.

Cold air hits my face when I slide the  
door open. I stare at the colors on the  
paper wrappers, orange, cherry, and  
grape—but the best flavors are hidden  
underneath.

*Banana or root beer?*

*Root beer or banana?*

Which one will I choose?

I go outside to think it over, leaving Granddaddy and Mister Mac to swap stories—who moved, who got married, who has a baby coming—the way old friends do.

Watching Main Street shimmer under the noonday sun, I see a girl waving from the shade of an old willow tree.

"What's your name?" she asks.

<sup>13</sup> "Molly," I say. "But my granddaddy calls me Squirt."

She has bright yellow patches on her dress with zigzag stitching so they look like shiny suns.

"My name's Miracle," she says. "On account of the doctor said Mama couldn't have any more after my brothers, but I came anyway."

"I got some money," Miracle says. "Wanna see?" She opens up her palm and shows me a nickel. "I found it lying on the road," she says. "I'm gonna buy something with it."

"What are you gonna buy?" I ask.

"One of those ice pops," Miracle says.

<sup>19</sup> Ice pops cost a dime, but I don't say anything.

C'mon," Miracle says. "I'll show you where they are."

She leads me to the freezer and reaches inside. "I want root beer," she says. "Which one's that?"

<sup>22</sup> I fish out the ice pop with the brown wrapper and hand it over.

"What's it going to be, Squirt?" Granddaddy asks. "Banana *and* root beer," I tell him. He gives me a look. I know what it means.

"Miracle needs one too," I explain

"Miracle?" he asks.

"She's my new friend," I tell him.

"Pleased to meet you, little lady," he says.

Miracle pumps his hand. "I live on Tucker's Creek," she says. "Do you know where that is?"

"I sure do," he tells her.

"I'm gonna buy my ice pop with this," Miracle says. "I found it lying on the road."

"Well now," Granddaddy says, "which flavor's for you?"

"Root beer," she tells him.

"And banana for me, please," I say.

Miracle holds out her nickel.

"That's all right," Granddaddy tells her. "This one's on me."

"Thanks, Mister," Miracle says. She tucks her money away.

<sup>37</sup> I give Granddaddy's hand a big squeeze.

The screen door makes a lazy moan when Miracle pushes it open. Mister Mac's bird dog raises his head to see if we have anything for him, but we tell him ice pops aren't for dogs.

"Would you like to trade halves?" I ask her. "You can have half of my banana, and I'll have half of your root beer."

"That is a good idea," she says. "That way we get a taste of both."

41 So I help her break her ice pop and she helps me with mine. And we sit together under the shade of the old willow tree, eating root beer and banana, banana and root beer, and swapping stories the way old friends do.

Root Beer and Banana. Text Copyright © 2005 Sarah Sullivan. Illustrations Copyright © 2005 Greg Shed. Reproduced by permission of the publisher, Candlewick Press, Inc., Cambridge, MA.